The Register

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

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THE REGISTER

CONTENTS FOR MARCH

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THE LOVE OF A MAN

JACK Doyle thought it was a hot day. The perspiration poured off him in steady streams, the heat was oppressive, he could not breathe, and he sat there, a martyr to circumstances, ardently wishing for the good old winter-time, when suddenly a bright idea struck him. Now this was not remarkable, for Jack was noted for his bright ideas, but this one seemed to promise so much pleasure that he jumped around, giving a poor imitation of an Indian war-dance. When he remembered that the day was hot and so the war-dance ceased. On account of his brilliant inspiration, none other than that of going in swimming, he found himself, a little later, at the X street bath-house.

Just as he was walking across the sand to enter the water, he heard his name called out, and turning around, he saw one of his old Latin School friends. "Hello, Bill," said he, stretching out his hands, "put it there, old man. How are you, any way? Are you working?" Having received a scornful answer to his last question, intimating that he should know better than to ask foolish questions, he sat down in the sun with his friend, and they talked about school, politics, the weather, and base-ball. Finally a dip in the water was suggested. "This is only the second time I've been in swimming this season" said Jack. "Well, let's swim out to the island." The island, so-called, was a ledge or sand-bar, on which, at low tide, one could stand and keep his head above water, but the ledge was at all times under water. After much swimming around, neither of the two friends had found the island. "Get it yet, Bill?" asked Jack. "No, I just touched it, but I lost again." Jack did not feel right. He had often swum five times as far as he had just gone, but to-day, somehow, he felt "all in." Another fellow, who was also looking for the island, noticed it, and, after Bill had found the ledge, and the three were resting on it, the stranger asked Jack how he felt. "I don't know," said Jack. "I don't feel tired but I have a queer feeling in my limbs; I can't explain it." "You had better take a good long rest here," said the stranger. But the tide was rapidly rising, and the longer they waited the greater would be the swim back to shore. So they started, Bill and the stranger going in at a rapid rate, but Jack slowly saving his strength.

When Bill and the stranger reached the shore, Jack had not gone half the distance. And what was the matter with his arm? He could not move it! It was numb! Cramped! He never had had a cramp before, but this must be a cramp. The other two fellows were on the shore, the life savers' boat was at the other end of the enclosure. Well, he must keep cool, that was the first, the most important thing. He turned over and tried to swim on his back. How slowly he was going! Turning on his breast again, he saw the shore was still a good distance away. He was weak and exhausted. It would be strange if he should drown there, with so many people

about. But he must not think of that. No. And he would not call the life-savers' boat. No. He would get in, he could get in. How tired his limbs were! What little force there was in his arm! How slowly his breath was coming! He did not seem to be moving at all. Then he noticed the stranger was watching him. That gave him courage. But the stranger was a long distance away, and his breath was coming slowly now. He was very near the shore. Five strokes more and he would be able to stand up. But his legs were so tired. He could hardly move them. "Can you make it? asked the stranger at his side. "I—guess—so." He *would* make it. He hated a scene. He——. But the stranger, seeing him about to sink, grasped him and held his head above water. Jack knew he must keep cool. Making one last effort, he threw himself out of the water, waved his hand at the boat and called, "Help." Then he sank back. He tried to remember what a drowning person should do. He tried to tread water, he must not take hold of his rescuer, and then everything was black and the bow of the boat shot out of the darkness. He clung to it; it floated toward the shore; he felt the ground under his feet. He tottered in to the shore. How dizzy he was! He wanted to fall down on the sand and sleep, but first he shook hands with his preserver. They exchanged names and Jack said, "I hope, Jim Scanlon, to be able to do as much for you some day."

* * *

Ten years later. Jack had taken a course in engineering, had graduated, had performed several brilliant, but rather unimportant feats of engineering, and, at last, his chance had come.

Peru, after the opening of the Panama canal, became very progressive. The valuable mines in the interior were worked, and the timber and medicinal plants were prepared for exportation. The government, replying to the demands of the people, began to build railroads to transport these products to the Pacific. The Andes were a cause of much trouble, and tunnels, up-grades, suspension bridges, and many other devices were resorted to. Finally, the progress of the principal railroad, which was to have its terminal at Callao, the best seaport of the country, was stopped. It was necessary to throw a bridge from the top of one sharp peak to the top of another, about four hundred yards away. After two Frenchmen, several Germans, an Englishman, and an American had attempted to do it, but, on account of the nature of the spot, had failed, the world thought it impossible.

Not so Jack Doyle. He knew the place, having been in the vicinity several years before. He felt that he could build the bridge. He interested some American capitalists, obtained the contract and went to Peru, taking with him, as his right-hand man, Jim Scanlon. The friendship which was formed on the sand of the X street bath-house had developed into a great love, the love of man for man.

Jack had conquered. He had won out where others had failed, he had built the bridge. He was the greatest engineer of his day, and the world was ringing with the praises of his name. And now, with dear old Jim at his side, he was going home to his friends.

During these meditations, Jim and he were riding, with several servants, along a rough mountain pass, where a mis-step meant a fall of two hundred feet to the rocks below. Suddenly Jim's mule shied, and Jack saw his friend thrown to the ground. The impetus carried him to the edge of the precipice. He attempts to cling to the foliage growing in the path, but the force of the fall carries him over the side, and grasping madly at the side of the mountain he slips down faster and faster towards the ragged rocks. But see! Sixty feet below is a shelf-like projection. If, by grasping at the mountain-side, he can break his fall, and land

gently on this projection, he may be saved. He strikes it with a crash, rolls off, and then, with madness of despair, throws his arm around it. He clings there, but, dazed and weakened by his fall, he cannot raise himself enough to raise his body on to the projection. His strength is rapidly giving out. What can be done?

Above, Jack Doyle takes in the situation in a glance. Hastily sending one of the men to a near-by plantation for a rope, he throws off his coat and shoes, and deliberately commences to climb down to his friend. It seems impossible; at any minute he may be dashed to the bottom. But Jack performs the impossible, and, at last, bends over his friend, and draws him up to safety. But is it safety? The shelf on which the two men are standing was formerly part of a great mass of stone, but, by some convulsion of nature, had been loosened, and now, disturbed by the unaccustomed weight of the two men, begins to tremble. It moves slightly. A crack appears between the mountain-side and the rock which holds them. It is separating itself, and both men will be thrown, a hundred feet below, to death. Where is the man sent for the rope? Will he never come? Calling to the men above, Jack learns that he is not yet in sight. How long will the stone hold them? Not long, it is now trembling violently. Something must be done.

Then a fearful thought strikes Jack. Perhaps it will hold one of them. Perhaps their combined weight is too much. If one left it, would the other be saved? Instantly he makes up his mind. It was worth trying. He took one last look around him. How happy everything was! How sweet was life! He was so young. He must leave his friends, his hard-earned honors. Just in the moment of victory he must have everything snatched away from him. Why should he go? Why not Jim? But he remembers that day so long ago when Jim saved him. His love for the man bursts out stronger than ever; it overcomes his love for life and glory. He grasps Jim by the hand and whispers hoarsely, "Jim, we're quits." Then he jumps far out into space, and falling, strikes the sharp, jagged rocks, which cut and gash him.

His sacrifice was not in vain, for Jim, a few minutes later, was drawn up to safety. Down in the gully they found Jack's poor, torn body, and there, on the site of his heroism, there, where his actions proved that his love for man was love, they buried him. A humble slab marks the spot, on which is inscribed this simple legend, "He died that another man might live."

T. G. G., '08.

Thomas G. Goodwin

A CHILDHOOD TALE

IN my boyhood days I lived in a large seaport town, situated on the border of an agricultural district. The town was on the banks of a river, about four miles from its mouth, and possessed a good dock, where large sea-going vessels from all countries found anchorage. The surrounding country was extremely beautiful, dotted here and there with its quaint farm-houses, and the river flowed peacefully to the sea between its verdant banks. Many a long tramp have I taken along those country roads, overhung by huge trees, and fragrant with the scent from the bushes on either side, in the profound stillness of a warm summer day, only broken by the humming of insects or some indistinct sound from a distant farm-house. Often, however, in a leisure hour I would wander to the docks and watch the ship-

ping. The bustle and activity there had for me a fascination which I could not resist. I loved to see the large ships loaded or unloaded and the cargoes hurried to their destination by wagon or train ; to see a vessel come in, drawn by a tug boat, or another clearing her decks ready for a voyage.

Thus it was that when my two cousins, Fred and Jack, came down from the city to visit me, I soon found time to take them to see the docks. They were both several years my senior, Fred being sixteen, while Jack was fifteen. Naturally they were as interested in these things as I, and therefore one bright summer day we set out on a visit to the place of interest. We wandered around for some time, when we were seized with a great desire to go on board one of the vessels and see what things looked like there. At the time we happened to be near a large sailing-ship, with its cargo on board and evidently waiting for the tide to come in and make the river navigable. Seeing a man standing near the gang-plank, Jack hailed him and asked if we could visit the ship. At first he did not seem to understand him, but finally he made a sign for us to come up the plank. We accepted the invitation eagerly and were soon on board, and as it was the first time that any of us had been on a large sailing ship, our curiosity was great.

As soon as I stepped on the deck my attention was attracted by the man who had given us the invitation. He was a tall, muscular man, with bushy eye-brows, and long, tangled hair. His clothes were coarse and dirty, and under his shirt could be seen the outline of a knife. He could speak a kind of broken English, and from him we learned that the ship and crew were Norwegian and were bound for Norway. Our guide took us all over the ship, explaining, as far as he understood English, the uses of the numerous ropes and sails. As we approached the stern, I was amused to see several men seated on the deck with bowls in front of them, washing some of their clothes, which they afterwards hung up to dry on a line from the cabin to the mast.

I do not know how long we had been on the vessel, when Fred happened to notice that the sun had almost set. Drawing our attention to this fact, he started for the gang-plank. What was our surprise to find that it had been withdrawn. Thinking that we had been forgotten, Jack asked our guide to have it let down for us. The man only laughed, and told us that we had better spend the night on board. Then it was that an awful fear began to take hold of us. The vessel was loaded and the tide would be right in a few hours. What if we should be kidnapped ? What could save us ?

The man who had shown us the ship approached and bade us follow him. Fearing to disobey and knowing that resistance was useless, we went. He led us to a small cabin, away from the forecastle, containing several bunks. Here he left us with the order to go to bed as soon as we could. This we did, bewailing our folly for ever getting ourselves into such a dangerous position ; for if we were not rescued before we left the harbor, we might never see home again, but live a dog's life for the rest of our days on a foreign vessel and in foreign lands. On the whole, it was not a very cheerful outlook for us to contemplate.

In about half an hour he returned, bringing with him some old ragged clothes, which he left with us, taking away our own. Thoroughly tired out with exhaustion after our day's travels and with fear, we all fell asleep. When I awoke I noticed a gentle motion running through the ship, and awoke my cousins. We hastily dressed in our new clothes, or, to be exact, extremely old ones, and crept noiselessly on deck. You can imagine our horror when we found the vessel under sail and moving gently through the water. It was a dark, cloudy night, and we could see no lights or land. Since a tug always draws the large vessels down the

river, I knew at once that we must be starting on our journey across the ocean. This would never do. We must escape, and escape at once.

Like most ships of its kind, this one had small boats hanging at regular intervals along each side of the deck. We started from the door of the companion-way and moved toward the boat farthest from any of the crew. Our plan was to lower a boat and slip away, without any one knowing it. Before we had proceeded many feet, one of the watch heard us. He mumbled something to a companion. My heart almost stopped beating, but he did not molest us. He evidently thought that it was the creaking of the sails. Warned by this occurrence, we were more careful afterwards. Untying the ropes, we started to lower the boat. Alas for our hopes! The pulleys on which the boat hung were seldom used, and the moment the ropes moved they creaked loud enough to be heard all over the deck. Men began to hasten in our direction. In desperation, we let the boat into the water with a splash and climbed down the rope. As soon as this was cut, the boat started to drift away, and was quickly lost in the darkness. We were free, but in our haste we had neglected to take with us either oars or food.

At first we did not notice this omission, so great was our joy at escape; thus we drifted about all night, not knowing where we were or in what direction home lay. We could see lights approaching us over the water, only to swerve and pass by us very far off. Indeed, even if ships had come near us, we could not have been seen, and would only have been in danger of being run down in the dark. So the night passed, and day dawned, with fog and no sun. As the hours went by, the fog thickened instead of disappearing, making it impossible to see more than a hundred feet in any direction. It was now that our lack of food bothered us, for we were beginning to get extremely hungry. The oars were not missed, because if we had possessed any, we did not know where to row, and the chances are that we should have rowed away from home. As there was not much chance of being picked up in such a fog, we decided to make the best of a bad bargain and tried to keep our minds off our hunger. To accomplish this we swapped yarns, each in his turn telling some story which he thought would interest the others. This was but a poor substitute for a good dinner, but it was all we had. There was no use in grumbling, which has never accomplished anything yet.

Some time in the afternoon, there was no way of telling the exact hour, the storm, which had been threatening all the morning, broke. That was the worst storm I have ever seen, and I hope never to encounter another like it; at least not when I am in an open row-boat on a large expanse of water. The lightning was most vivid. It seemed to be striking in three or four directions at the same time, and traveled from cloud to cloud, looking like a huge display of fire-works. The storm, being directly over our heads, made the very ocean tremble with its thunder. It was only with great difficulty that the boat was kept afloat, and we were kept busy bailing out the water with our caps. One moment we would be balancing on the summit of a huge wave, and the next would find us in the trough, with walls of water towering all around us. At first, as each successive wave struck us, we would think that we were lost; but after a while we came to have faith in our gallant little boat and understood that with constant bailing we could manage to keep her afloat.

Towards evening, our hunger knew no bounds. We had eaten nothing for over a day, and the constant exercise of bailing had by no means lessened our appetite. To add to our troubles, the storm was still raging, and the bailing must still continue. Therefore, with the falling of darkness, there came no rest, but only hunger, toil, and drenched clothes. How we passed that night I know not. We were

living in a kind of nightmare, and kept the water out of the boat only for the sake of keeping warm. If it had not been for this, I think that we would have let it swamp in a few hours. We were too uncomfortable to care much about getting home.

With the dawn came better weather, and before long the sun was shining in a clear sky. What a change from a few hours before! All that remained of the storm were a few fragments of clouds just hurrying over the horizon. At the sight of clear weather our hopes rose. We were sure to be picked up soon. In this we were not disappointed. A passing fishing vessel noticed us and sent a boat to our aid. As soon as we arrived on board, we learned that we were about twenty miles from land, and that the vessel on which we were was bound for my home. We were rejoiced to hear this, but the food placed before us interested us more for the moment. When we arrived home I found my parents almost frantic with anxiety over our long absence from home, but as soon as they heard the tale of our journey they were overjoyed to think that we had returned safe and sound.

It is many long years since I saw the town of my birth. I have seen many strange lands and beautiful scenery, but my native town always has most charm for me. I often sit and dream of the pranks I engaged in, the experiences I passed through, and the friends I knew, and a sweet sadness fills my soul. Still youth is behind, and as I sit in the twilight shadows, the past softly fades from my mind and mingles with the living present, filled with its own golden opportunities and joys.

E. C. P., '08.

GOODE'S FIRST GAME

THE candidates for the basket-ball team were gathered in the Gymnasium talking over the outlook of the team in the games with Jordan Institute. Among them was a small, but stocky fellow, with very black hair and brown eyes. He was, evidently, a new scholar at Foster Academy, for that was the name of the school.

In answer to the captain's question, "What is your name, young fellow?" he answered, "Francis Goode, sir," as though he were afraid.

"Have you ever played basket-ball before," asked the captain.

"No, sir, not on any regular team."

The captain of the team walked away to a group of larger boys in the corner, muttering something about a kid ought to be at home with his mamma. Frank heard this and vowed that he would play on the team, or kill himself in the attempt.

A week passed and a large number of the candidates had given up hope of making the team, but Frank was in the Gymnasium every afternoon at 3 o'clock, to practice with the other candidates. He received no encouragement whatever, but noticed that Hunt, the captain, watched him frequently. His hope of making the first team was nearly gone but still he kept on playing his hardest.

After practising two weeks he was told that he would play on the second team, next day, in a game with the first. He was disappointed but played his best, as usual, and was encouraged when the captain said to him, "Keep up the good work, kid, and next year you'll make the first team."

It was now Tuesday and the great game with Jordan was to be played on Saturday. Nothing else was talked of for the next few days, and at last Saturday arrived.

There was a big crowd in the Gymnasium

and both balconies were filled. One seemed to be a mass of red and white ribbon, (the colors of Foster Academy) and the other of red and blue, the colors of Jordan. A great shout went up, as the door opened and a dozen muscular-looking boys came in, dressed in black Jerseys and pants with red stockings. Six of them went out on to the floor, and the rest went over to the bench and watched the practice.

The Jordan team came in, and after a short practice, the captains met and Jordan won the toss-up. They chose the goal at the south of the Gymnasium and then the two teams lined up.

Jordan made three baskets in the first half and Foster made but one, but in the first part of the half Foster tied the score, and put herself one point in the lead by a basket from a free throw. Both teams were now playing as if their lives depended upon winning the game. A fellow on the Foster team was hurt but was quickly replaced and the game went on as hotly as ever.

Goode sat with the substitutes, on a hard board bench under the balcony and watched without taking his eyes off the game for a moment.

Finally, after the game had raged all over the floor for five minutes, and no one had shot a basket, a fellow was seen to drop on the floor like a log, and then the referee's whistle blew. It was Pearson, the Foster left forward. The captain looked toward the bench and surveyed it a moment. Then, in a sharp voice, he called, "Goode," and walked over to meet him as he pulled off his sweater and ran out on to the floor. There was but one minute left and the score was now tied. Grant, of Foster, got the ball, passed it to Goode, who was standing under Jordan's basket and shot the basket with ease. At that minute, the whistle blew and made Goode the hero of the day. He was no longer a kid, but was treated like a king.

R. E. H., '10.

NOTES

On Friday, March 8, a debate was held in Room 23 on the question: Resolved: that Oliver Cromwell was ambitious for the Crown of England. The class voted that the affirmative won on the merits of the debate, and the negative on the merits of the question.

This is a most welcome report. There have been several attempts to organize a debating society in the Latin School, but the one of 1900 was the last. We wish that time permitted such an organization and we think that perhaps the number of Public Declamations might be raised to the old number, seven, and the extra two be devoted to debating. We hope that in some future year the masters may see fit to try this idea.

The Register is unfortunate in losing E. C. Pickett of Class II. from its staff.

This was heard in the first class: "*Oliver Twist* is as interesting to a boy as a girl."

This seems very cold blooded from a class that chooses a heart for a class-pin.

The country is safe while any members of Room 18 live. When asked what were the three primary colors, the prompt response was: "Red, white, and blue."

There was no appreciable difference in the size of the school the day after St. Valentine's, but next year is leap year, so beware, 1908!

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MARCH, 1907

THE declamation of March 15 was one of the best we have ever heard. The selections were much better than usual and the style of delivery was easily the best displayed this year. The school will expect a very fine exhibition at Prize Declamation. It is not, as yet, a foregone conclusion who will win the prizes, as it has been in some other years, and this will serve to make the competition keener and more interesting.

It was somewhat of a reflection on the Latin School that when a declamation in Latin was offered, there was a very audible titter. The younger portion of the school, for that portion is the guilty one, needs to be reminded "not to advertise ignorance by laughing," to use an expression of one of our masters; if they keep very still, perhaps no one will find out how little they know. Upper classes also may well think of this.

The students of the Mechanic Arts High School have organized a school paper, *The Artisan*. The first number is a signal success, and places the paper with the best class of school magazines.

We notice that many of our exchanges give a great deal of their space to poetry. Much of this poetry is excellent. Lest any one should think that the REGISTER has a prejudice against poetry, we now declare that the reason we have published no poetry is because we have received none. What is the matter with the Latin School? Do not the studies here all tend to cultivate poetic impulses? Why, then, are we confined to prose, while our neighbor, the English High School, and our sister school, the Girls' Latin, simply revel in the delights of lyric verse? Judging from the English marks, a *few* of us find it hard to write even good prose; let such boys see if their success with the Muse of Poetry will be better. If the school will hand its thoughts, thus "married to immortal verse" to the REGISTER, the poetic reputation of the school may be saved.

We learned, a short time ago, that, in remembrance of the first victory of the American Revolution, a bloodless one, won by Latin School boys, it was proposed to let the Latin School boys coast down School Street for one hour on a certain day. Every one knows the

romantic tale of how the British soldiers destroyed the coast which ran from Beacon Street, down School Street, then Latin School Street, to Washington Street. A committee of the First Class waited on General Haldiman (not General Gage) and protested. It was in honor of this episode that the picturesque holiday was proposed. The idea was never carried into practice, but it was certainly a picturesque one. Imagine the golden wheels of business blocked, while we gayly slide down Beacon Street and across the two main thoroughfares of this great city. We might have races on double-runners. Snow-balls would be sure to be flying. The delightful prospects of such a holiday are beyond description. Perhaps some day the school will be more fortunate and the holiday will actually be declared. Then will the populace assemble and envy us.

It is too bad that March 17 was Sunday, this year. We might have heard, on coming into school, that time-honored and welcome phrase: "deponite libros."

Charles W. English, B. L. S., '97, recently visited the school. He is engaged in a very interesting work for poor and unfortunate boys, "The Conway Boys' Farms." Conway is located among the beautiful Berkshires, and the farms, consisting of about two hundred acres, are admirably adapted for the work.

The plans are unique, and although they are of comparatively recent origin, many prominent business men and philanthropists have become deeply interested in them. The normal home, and especially the farm home, is recognized as the best place in which to develop the character of a boy, and the necessity for the personal touch on the individual boy is considered essential to best results. In brief, the plan is intended to associate young people of the cities who are interested in work for boys, and who are longing for independent country homes; and to enable them by means of reciprocity to become established in their chosen branch of rural life, and at the same time to care for one or two or more boys. These boys are not of the deficient or delinquent class, but are simply the unfortunate but worthy poor. They are given the best practical education and training possible.

In connection with the permanent features of the work there has been for six years a summer camp. It is expected that about two hundred and fifty boys will each have two weeks in camp during the coming summer. The expenses of the camp have to be met largely by public philanthropy. Clothing for boys is always in demand and very acceptable.

Mr. English would be pleased to correspond with any of his B. L. S. friends, or with others who are interested in work for boys. Address him at Conway, Mass.

C. W. E., '97.

Curtis Lublin, 1900, Columbia University, A.B. 1904, A.M. 1905, is continuing his work in English at Columbia. He is one of editors of the *Graduate English Record*, a quarterly of very high character. In the last number Mr. Lublin has a long and very able article on *Sentimentalism in Shakespeare*. Lublin did fine work in English when he was here, and was editor of The Register.

Lawrence Briganti, an old Latin School boy, has been appointed superintendent of the new postal station in the North End.

A. Ehrenfried, M. D., Latin School, '98, is Chairman of the Membership Committee of the Old South Historical Society.

Sheehan, '06, has been elected captain of the Harvard basket-ball team.

George Washington, the Statesman

By LOUIS N. STANTON, '08

MILITARY command was but one part of Washington's career. Almost all the duties of government rested on him under the inefficient administration of the old Congress. A merely military education would have furnished no adequate preparation for the duties which he performed.

It was a very fortunate circumstance that from the year 1759 to the Revolution, he passed fifteen years as a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, where he acquired a valuable knowledge of civil affairs, and of politics. While his public duties, civil and military, prepared him in this way for the position he filled in war and in peace, the fifteen years that he passed in the personal management of his own estate furnished an ample scope for the development of the economical side of his character, and gave a thoroughness to Washington's administrative habits which cannot be equaled elsewhere.

After the war, the country was plunged into a state bordering on anarchy. Accordingly, the body now known as the Federal Convention assembled in Philadelphia on May 2, 1787; Washington was unanimously elected its President. Jared Sparks, in his "Life of Washington," says, referring both to the Convention, and to Washington's views regarding its importance: "He read the history, and examined the principles of every ancient and modern confederacy that he could discover. Although he took no active part in the Convention's debates, he used his influence in every possible way toward the direction of an efficient central government."

After the affairs of the convention were settled, according to its provisions, a president and a vice-president were to be elected. In the crisis which overhung the lately-freed colonies, Washington was probably the one man for the situation. His presence gave a dignity and stability to the government which only years of successful administration could otherwise have secured.

Washington's policy was to keep out of all foreign complications. His admirable far-sightedness showed him the disastrous results that the country would suffer should she become embroiled in any further conflict in her weakened condition, resulting from her struggle for independence. He displayed wonderful diplomacy in securing from Spain the privilege of navigating the Mississippi down to its mouth, and in gaining several advantageous commercial rights from England.

In the organization of the new government Washington desired to accomplish the well-nigh impossible task of uniting all conflicting political interests and ideas. He could easily foretell the harmful effects that any political strife would have upon the newly-born nation. Therefore, his dominate purpose was to enlist the democratic notions of Jefferson as well as the federal sympathies of Hamilton, and their followers, into a hearty and vigorous support of the government during the important period of its organization.

To this end Hamilton and Jefferson were both called into the cabinet. Washington succeeded in keeping them from unseemly hostilities, but their fundamental ideas were so opposed to each other that complete political harmony was impossible.

It was now agreed that the incessant wrangling of these two men greatly saddened the President's last years, and his private letters show that he felt it keenly, that the people,

whom he had liberated, should so far forget the benefits, that they had derived through his efforts, as to criticise openly his actions. For Washington was never actuated by any other purpose than that of furthering his country's interests. Had he not possessed this admirable trait he could easily have founded a Washingtonian dynasty, and ruled America as a king, for the soldiers, at the end of the war, expressed their willingness, and even signified a desire that he should do this, but Washington was a man of nobler mould, and cast away ambition without a regret.

Another troublesome matter, in regard to which the parties were sharply separated, was caused by the attitude of France towards this country during the French Revolution, when Citizen Genet, the French Minister, ventured to presume upon the former relations of the two governments as a justification for unwarrantable actions. By Washington's display of statesmanship renewed hostilities with Great Britain were, for a time at least, avoided. Even after his retirement, Washington, in several instances, aided his successor, John Adams, through his sage advice.

He was one of the earliest to detect the fundamental defects of the government during the war. When the defects were universally realized all the people, as well as the representatives of the several states, instinctively turned to Washington for guidance. Their reliance was not misplaced, for the Constitution, as it now stands, could hardly have been developed but for the keen, far-sighted wisdom and unerring judgment of George Washington.

Even after this hasty review is it not clear, that Washington, the soldier of genius, was also a consummate statesman? Whatever political ability others have shown since in guiding our nation on the troubled sea of representative government, he it was to whose wise statesmanship we owe the possibilities of that success that has come to so glorious a realization.

BASKET-BALL

THE last REGISTER published no news of basket-ball, because, at the time of the issue no definite statement could be had concerning the standing of the teams. Now that the confused tangle has been definitely seettled, the REGISTER hopes to atone for last month's omission by a full account.

February 12 we played the English High School. Both teams played a remarkable and well-matched game, but the Latin School was superior in shooting. There was a very large crowd gathered to witness the game and the enthusiasm ran a little beyond the bounds of good order. These two decisive defeats of our neighbor have added considerably to the gayety of nations, especially after last Thanksgiving. The score was 34–24.

February 14 the Latin School lost to Roxbury High. The team seemed to be in very poor form, the cause of which no one seemed to know. Perhaps the fact that they were playing in a "coëd" school on St. Valentine's day frightened them. At any rate, after several fluctuations, Roxbury obtained a lead of four points and played on the defensive the remainder of the half. It was a close game and a hard one to lose. The score was 20–16.

February 19 the team made up for its temporary eclipse by roundly defeating the West Roxbuary High School. The victory was most welcome, as it restored the school's lost confidence in the team.

February 21 was the climax of the season. After a day of most interesting exercises, an

equally interesting basket-ball game attracted the largest crowd we have ever seen in the drill hall. South Boston High and the Latin School, not to mention outsiders, were there *en masse*.

The game was to decide the championship, and the excitement was really intense. Even some of the most stolid and reserved members of the school felt their hearts beating rather faster than usual. And the girls——we wish, out of curiosity, that some one would explain to us why the average school-girl shrieks and nearly goes into hysterics every time the ball comes into plain sight. Let the school be duly (and secretly) grateful that we have to observe such phenomena only occasionally and are spared the agony of a "coëd" school.

The game itself was wonderful from every point of view. The incredible rapidity of the players' movements is a thing beyond the comprehension of the lay mind. It seemed marvellous that the boys, who must have been nervous to the last degree, could control their movements with precision necessary to shoot baskets. It was a game to be long remembered in the history of the sport in Boston schools. The Latin School boys conducted themselves with perfect order, but the South Boston boys let their excitement and enthusiasm rather run away with them, especially when it came to adverse fouls.

To describe the play in detail would be monotonous. South Boston won by one point, 19–18. The lead changed hands several times, but the opposition held it at the critical moment. An analysis of the playing shows that the Latin School was decidedly the more nervous of the two, and this was the cause of our defeat. Chance upon chance to win by fouls was offered, and in the last few minutes of play superb pass-work by the Latin School kept the ball literally raining on the opponent's basket, yet the players were too nervous to "put it in." South Boston played the finest defensive game we have ever seen (it being decidedly of a rougher order than ours) and they showed an ability to shoot whenever the chance was offered, which was remarkable, considering that they were unfamiliar with the baskets.

The Latin School was naturally disappointed, but took defeat much more gracefully than did South Boston their victory.

A great deal of protesting of the eligibility of certain players was done by both schools. We will not go into the uninteresting details of the contest, but will merely state that as a final result the championship was awarded to the Latin School. This is, we think, the best year that basket-ball has ever had in the Latin School and the school has certainly shown its interest and delight in the success of the team. The second team, also, deserves the congratulations of the school, though its career has been somewhat eclipsed by that of the first.

The teams have been composed of:

I. Sullivan, Churchward, (Capt.) Finkel, Allison, and Fish.

II. Hill (Capt.), Rouillard, Crane, Shaw, Sanderson.

It being impossible to persuade some incredulous mortals that the athletic supremacy of the First Class belonged with the mental supremacy, the two divisions determined to decide the question by a basket-ball game. A very amusing and verbose challenge was written, and excitement ran high. For two weeks before the solemn occasion, the drill hall resounded every night with the noise of the rival divisions, practising. It was the general impression of the school that error would prevail, and even the members of Room 18 themselves despondently thought that their superior mentality was going to avail them nothing. Truth asserted herself, however, and Room 17 went down in inglorious defeat. The long practice before hand had worn off the novelty and the two rooms played a very fast game. Owing to the

experience of the players, the game was not so amusing as most amateur attempts are, but the struggles of the two gigantic centers, O'Brien and O'Hare, were funny in the last degree. The later playing of the second teams supplied any lack of amusement in that of the first, and the spectators were almost convulsed with laughter. Room 17 won the second team contest.

The score :

Room 18.	Room 17.
Daly (Capt.), r. f.	l. f., Lane, Baldwin.
Sanderson, l. f.	r. f., Bloom
O'Hare, c.	c., O'Brien
Wyman, r. b.	r. b., Duffy, (Capt.)
Evans, O'Gorman, l.b.	l. b., Baldwin, Lane.

Baskets : Daly 7, Sanderson 5, O'Hare 4, Duffy. Goals from fouls : Daly 3, Duffy 3.

Referee : Flynn ; Timer : Hill ; Time : Two 20 minute halves. Score, 35-5.

TRACK

THE Track-Team this year has been a credit to the school. All the meets have been characterized by good management, a thing which cannot be said of similar events in former years. Besides the good management and very pleasant conduct of the team, its success has been signal. Had it not been for an unfortunate injury to Captain Sweester's knee, the Latin School would easily have led the Boston Schools in track athletics. Even with such a serious loss, the team was a close second, the English High School winning first place.

In the dual meet with High School, February 27, we were decidedly defeated by a score of 51–21. The absence of Sweester in the short runs and high jump, and Ryder in the short-put caused our defeat. High School's victory was somewhat of a disappointment to our hopes, but it was inevitable. Burns sprang a pleasant surprise on every one by winning the hurdles, a race which High School confidently expected to win. The form in which Burns won the 300 reminded one of the fabled races of the ancients during their funeral games, and Burns on this occasion certainly won the right to Achilles' favorite epithet, " swift of foot. "

Saturday, March 9, the Boston Interscholastic Athletic Association held their third annual indoor meet. The occasion was very pleasant, and the event ran off smoothly. For a while it looked as though the Latin School team was going to win in spite of their crippled condition, but High School finally drew ahead. Burns' running, as usual, was excellent. Many of the spectators commented on the good work of Stanton in the mile and the thousand. The form of the high-jumpers was *outre* in the extreme. Their contortions in going over the bar were at once indescribable and amusing, but when the jumper landed on the other side the laughter of the onlookers was quickly changed to fear of injury to the contestant, the boys landing on almost any part of their persons, including their heads, and excepting their feet. The events were, as a rule, hotly contested, but no very remarkable running appeared.

An event, rejoicing in the title, as announced by the program, of the 1,000 mile run, was won by Sawyer of High School in 2 minutes and 57 seconds.

The wonder of the feat overcomes our dignity and we cannot but exclaim that to run 1,000 miles in less than three minutes is " going some." Stanton won third place in this remarkable event, and we assure him that the Latin School is proud of having a man who has thus put to flight the wildest tales of speed that imagination ever conceived.

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